



J. Lewis inv.

J. Fletcher Sculp.

DORCHESTER:

*Tom's Coffee House N^o 275
by A Subscription*

P O E M.

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet.*

H O R.

By WILLIAM GAWLER. K



L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by *M. Cooper* at the *Globe* in *Paternoster-Row*.

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DORCHESTER:

BOOKS



LONDON

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MCCXXII

To the HONOURABLE

J O H N B R O W N E

A N D

NATHANIEL GUNDRY,

E S Q U I R E S,

The Worthy REPRESENTATIVES of the

B O R O U G H of D O R C H E S T E R:

The following POEM is, with all possible Deference, Inscribed,

B Y,

G E N T L E M E N,

Your most devoted, and

most obliged humble Servant,

WILLIAM GAWLER.

B

JOHN BROWN

AND

NATHANIEL GUNDRY

ESSAYS

The World's Representative of the

BOROUGH of DORCHESTER

The following POEM is, with all possible Defiance, inscribed,

GENTLEMEN,



Your most obedient servant,

most obliged friend, &c.

WILLIAM GAWDER

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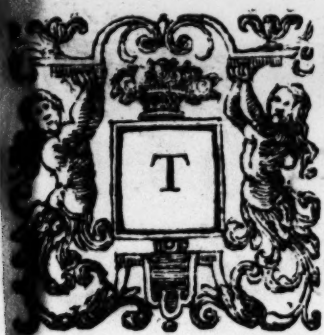
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D O R C H E S T E R,

A

P O E M.



THE distant Muse with filial Duty fir'd,
With Ardour for her native Town inspir'd,
To sooth the Pangs of anxious Absence strives,
And past Ideas in her Soul revives;
Calls to her Aid Imagination's Powers,
And tastes anew her former happy Hours.

Fair D O R C H E S T E R! enjoy'd I equal Skill,
Did Force of Genius answer Strength of Will,
Oh! I would then run riot in thy Praise,
And sing thy Beauties in Immortal Lays;
Unrivall'd Eloquence with Truth should join,
And ev'ry Grace should glow in ev'ry Line;
Description then the Reader's Mind should warm,
With Fancy's Eye he'd view thy ev'ry Charm;

Seem

Seem to drink in thy sweet Salubrious Air,
 And taste the Converse of thy Brave and Fair:
 Yet, feeble as it is, I'll touch the Lyre,
 And Zeal shall kindle up *Apollo's* Fire.

When *Roman* Arms *Britannia's* Sons pursu'd,
 And to their Yoke our rugged Sires subdu'd,
 In various Parts they various * Stations chose
 To fix their Pow'r, and awe their struggling Foes:
 But well convinc'd, that Empire could not stand
 By Force alone, they polish'd ev'ry Land;
 Taught the rude Nations ev'ry social Art,
 As if they conquer'd Knowledge to impart;
 By Arts humane their wild Affections stole,
 And, what the Sword could not, subdu'd the Soul.
 From Forests dark their naked Tenants come,
 Gaze, and admire the new-created Dome;
 Desert the Wicker Hut, and Lonely Glade,
 And grateful boast of Architecture's Aid.
 Thus *Roman* Camps to *British* Cities grew,
 So D O R C H E S T E R arose, if *Camden's* true.

If e'er Ambition Loveliness assumes,
 'Tis when it cultivates, and not consumes;

* The learned *Camden* informs us from *Antoninus's Itinerary*, that *Dorchester* was a *Roman* Station. And it is the common and judicious Observation of Antiquaries, that all Towns have *Chester* in their Composition originally sprung from *Castra*.

Whatever Nations *Roman* Power reduc'd,
The Force, tho' evil, good Effects produc'd.
Did they of Savage Liberty deprive?
Gainful Exchange! they taught them how to live;
With useful Arts their unform'd Minds improv'd,
Whilst vanquish'd Provinces their Conqu'rors lov'd.
Here mark, and blush, ye ruthless Sons of *Spain*!
Who've turn'd to Deserts many a fruitful Plain;
Your Conquests, like the Pestilence, lay waste
With Cruelties unknown to Ages past.
Britons! awake, and fight for honest Fame,
Retrieve the Honour of the Christian Name;
Free the new World from their oppressive Bands,
And merit Blessings from the distant Lands.

But to thy Subject, now return, my Muse,
This Flight, ye Sons of Freedom, you'll excuse!
Come, æmulate, my Pen! the Pencil's Art,
And a just Image of my Theme impart;
Where the expanded western Down declines,
And silver *Frome* in fair Meanders winds,
There stands the darling Object of my Lay,
What lovelier View can Fancy's Self display!
The three chief Streets one common Centre shows,
From diff'rent Points their diff'rent Names arose,

Here

C

East,

East, West, and South; these claim the Trav'ler's View,
Neat, ancient Mansions, intermix'd with new;
These, with the rest of more inferior Name,
For Sweet and Cleanly yield to none in Fame.

Now the surrounding Walks invite my Feet,
Where all the Beauties of Creation meet;
Where bounteous Nature her rich Stores displays,
And charms the raptur'd Mind a thousand ways:
Cloth'd in eternal Verdure Hills arise,
Whilst the gay Vale in flow'ry Drap'ry lies.
Here Lawns emboss'd with Woods in State appear,
There murmuring Rills delight both Eye and Ear;
The Sight with Ease the charming View commands,
And ev'n Imagination satiate stands

First from the western Street the op'ning Scene
Attracts the Eyes with Hills in lively Green.
In nearer View a spacious Plain appears,
And with a promissory Plenty cheers.
With bending Corn the gentle Zephyrs play,
And waving Ears transform the Wheat to Sea.
Another Glance presents a fallow Field,
Which to the Mind will future Harvests yield.
See, how the Glebe laborious Ploughmen turn,
That the prolific Sun the Clods may burn:

Here

Here lies the Hope of the succeeding Year,
Whilst Reason justifies this previous Care.

The fleecy Kind on neighb'ring Hillocks swarm,
For *Dorset*-Downs keep half the Nation warm:
See! on his Flock the watchful Shepherd wait,
Nor would exchange his Charge for Pomp of State.
Ye *Dorset* Farmers, still maintain your Breed,
'Tis honest Pride thus others to exceed.
See! like a Field with Flowers bedeck'd, yon Steep,
Where for sweet Herbage climb th' advent'rous Sheep,
Of all the * *Roman* Camps the most entire:
Here stop, ye Antiquaries, and admire!

Now thro' the Southern Walk we bend our Feet,
Fresh Entertainment here again we meet.
See! near at hand a Semi-circle rise,
Object of modern Wonder and Surprize;
A *Roman* Amphitheatre appears,
The unmain'd Relique of two thousand Years.
Fast by its Side the Road to *Weymouth* leads,
Where the full Car with solemn Pace proceeds,

* *Maiden-Castle* was a famous Summer Camp of the *Romans*, about a Mile and half in Circumference, and continues to this Day entire. They who have curiously viewed the Place, have trac'd out the particular Uses of each Part: As, that the western Part of it facing the *Prætorium* was for the Foot, and could not contain less than three Legions, *i. e.* about 18000 Soldiers. The east Part, behind the *Prætorium*, was for the Horse and Carriages; and that, between both, on each side the *Prætorium*, the Tribunes and other Officers were seated. On the south side of this Work is a Place, seemingly the Mouth of a hollow Cave, which some nice Observers will have to be artificial; but for what Use it should be contriv'd is altogether uncertain.

That

That bears the Barley's animating Juice,
 What Town such *British* Nectar can produce!
Burton and *Nottingham* in vain compare,
 Whilst * foreign Kings delight in *Dorset* Beer!

View the fine Carpets of the distant Downs,
 Which on their Summits bear the rising † Mounds;
 These hold the Reliques of the ancient Dead,
 Their Monuments remain tho' Names are fled.

The Eastern Prospect next appears in Sight,
 Its various Off'rings let the Muse recite:
 In bulky Grandeur *Purbeck* Hills arise,
 Whose tow'ring Heads seem to invade the Skies;
 Deep in their Bosoms Marble Treasures grow.
 As many ancient sacred Structures show:
 But Free-stone Quarries now employ all Hands,
 Whilst *Neptune* wafts their Stores to distant Lands;
 To these, ye Citizens, or *Portland*, know!
 Your rising Bridge, and swelling Domes you owe.

* An eminent Dealer in *Dorchester* Beer, now living in *London*, reckons amongst his Customers the late *Czar*, the Kings of *Prussia* and *Denmark*, as well as his late and present Majesty of *Great Britain*.

† The Barrows, which were the Sepulchral Monuments of the *Romans*, as the Urns that have been dug out of 'em make appear.

In nearer Ken, see! * *Woodford* now appears,
 Grand in Decay its nodding Turrets rears;
 This calls to mind the Barons ancient State,
 Whose Will imperious rul'd the Vassal's Fate;
Britons! with Gratitude his † Name revere,
 Through whom this Bondage ye have ceas'd to bear;
 No longer now like Highland Clans we fight,
 Regardless Savages of Wrong or Right!
 But take our Option or of Arts or Arms,
 Such, LIBERTY! are thy celestial Charms.

Now turn your Eye to a more distant View,
 Lo! a long Stretch of gloomy sable Hue;
 ‡ Black, dusky Mounts, dispers'd amidst the Waste,
 This Foil, but brightens and exalts our Taste;
 Light without shade, but with Confusion glares,
 From its Reverse true Beauty best appears.

In modern § Taste now *Kingston* strikes the Eye,
 What Seat with *Kingston* can presume to vie!
 Rais'd on an Eminence its View extends,
 That in a beautiful Horizon ends;

* Formerly a stately Castle belonging to *Guido de Brien* a martial Hero.

† The ancient Power and Tyranny of the Barons was broken by the excellent Policy of *Henry VII.* who procur'd a Law to be made to alienate their Estates, which before his Time they could not do.

‡ *Wareham* Heath begins about four Miles below *Dorchester*, and is continued with very small, if any, Intervals, thro' *Hampshire* and *Surry* as far as *Black-Heath*.

§ The Seat of *Mrs. Pitt*, Relict of *George Pitt*, Esq; late Representative of the Borough of *Wareham*, a Gentleman who upon all Occasions manifested an inviolable Attachment to the true Interest of his Country.

Yields and receives a mutual Pleasure round,
 Where Walks, Parterres, and pure Canals abound.
 But who shall sing the MISTRESS of the Place?
 Where ev'ry Virtue's crown'd with ev'ry Grace;
 Rich without Av'rice; without glaring, Great;
 Goodness she values as her best Estate;
 Whilst Acts of Bounty her each Hour employ,
 The Orphan's Parent, and the Widow's Joy!

Nor * *Stynsford*! should the Muse omit thy Name,
 Thy shady Groves best fan the sacred Flame:
 Might I beneath thy rustling Covert stray,
 What Bliss would be the Birth of one such Day!

One Side remaining finishes our Tour,
 Delightful Task of a selected Hour!
 Fresh Pleasures here salute th' enchanted Eye,
 Where in familiar View the † *Frome* glides by;
 Thro' flow'ry Meads he cuts his winding Way,
 And by his frequent Curves affects Delay.

* The Seat of Mrs. *Horner*, Relict of *Thomas Strangeways Horner*, Esq;

† *Frome*, a famous River of this County, which produces abundance of delicate Fish; as Salmon, Trout, &c. Has its Rise at *Evarshot* near the western Bounds of the Shire, from whence it runs eastward by *Frompton*, to which it gave the Name; and is joined by a Rivulet from the North that flows by *Cerne Abbey*, which was built by *Austin* the *English* Apostle when he had dash'd to pieces the Idol of the Pagan *Saxons* there, call'd *Heil*, and had deliver'd them from their superstitious Ignorance. A little beneath this, *Frome* dividing itself, makes a kind of Island, and first visits *Dorchester*, and thence continuing its Course about 14 Miles eastward, disembogues itself into the Sea.

See! the attentive Angler patient stand,
 With steady Force moving his skilful Hand;
 The cockling Shallows the false Fly receive,
 Whilst, dancing on the Surge, it seems to live;
 Nature's Resemblance cheats the Trout's clear Sight,
 What daintier Morfel can a Trout invite!
 Too late, alas! he finds his dire Mistake,
 And toils his new Captivity to break;
 With forceful Twinge he'd fain resume the Deep,
 From which the anxious Angler toils to keep
 His hook-bound Prey; in Semi-circle bent
 The pliant Rod does Breach of Line prevent;
 With waining Vigour and enfeebled Rage,
 Flouncing, he strives his Jaws to disengage;
 Till, faint with struggling, he's compell'd ashore,
 Whilst the insatiate Angler thirsts for more.

Wide in Extent the fertile Meadows smile;
 On yonder Side stands * *Woolton's* ancient Pile;
 The Gothic Order here its Art displays
 In rude Magnificence of former Days;
 The aged Oaks which its Avenues grace,
 Add a new Grandeur to its Rev'rend Face.

One Object more awhile demands our Stay,
 Th' immortal *Roman* Military Way;

* A fine old Seat belonging to *George Trenchard, Esq;*

See!

That

That westward hence, o'er length'ning Downs extends,
 And in a Race of eighty Furlongs ends.
 On Public Good the *Roman* Chiefs intent,
 The growing Ills of Idleness prevent;
 Soldiers in Peace on Public Works employ,
 Not then kept up to pillage and annoy;
 Whilst Roads or Aqueducts engag'd their Hand,
 (Maintain'd a Labouring, not a Locust Band!)

O where, but here, do all these Pleasures meet!
 What Situation's or so grand, or sweet!
 To crown the whole, whilst thus you feast the Eye,
 No scorching Beams offend you from on high;
 Beneath green Shades you find a cool Retreat,
 Soft Velvet Turf supports your easy Feet,
 Delightful Gardens edge the Terrace round,
 Where fragrant Flow'rs, and grateful Fruits abound;
 Thus Air, Earth, Water, ALL their Power unite
 To form a Scene of exquisite Delight,
 Which draws the Fair, the Learn'd, and the Polite;
 Here all th' adjacent Great and Gay resort,
 And D O R C H E S T E R shines, Capital and Court.

F I N I S.



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